his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leaue crying and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bompe as big as a young Cockrels stone? a perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It stinted, and said* I.

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. *Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once. I haue my wish.*

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your dispositions to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well think of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. *A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

Old La. *Veronas* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And

And find delight, writ there
Examine euery seuerall liniam
And see how one an other le
And what obscurde in this fa
Find written in the margean
This precious booke of loue,
To beautifie him, onely lack
The fish liues in the sea, and
For faire without, the faire w
That booke in manies eyes d
That in gold claspes, locks i
So shall you share all that he
By hauing him, making you

Nurse. No lesse nay bigge

Old La. Speake briefly ca

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if lo
But no more deepe will I end
Then your consent giues str

Serving. Madam, the guests
cald, my young Lady askt fo
and euery thing in extremitie
you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iulie*

Nurse. Goe gyrle, seeke ha

Enter Romeo, Mercut
Maskers, torch bear

Romeo. What shall this spee
Or shall we on without apol

Ben. The date is out of suc
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hud wi
Bearing a Tartars painted bo
Skaring the Ladies like a Cro
But let them measure vs by w
Weele measure them a measu

Rom. Giue me a torch, I a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k